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KILLAM'S MILLS
NB

# Northern Messenger

## EASTER NUMBER.

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## An Easter Offering

(Lena Blinn Lewis, in the Michigan 'Advocate.')

The rain came down in torrents, melting the light snowfall and sending it in every direction in tiny running streams.

'Oh, dear, how dismal!' and with a face as gloomy as the weather, Grace Cheshire turned away from the window just as the maid came in with the morning mail.

Grace sat on a low stool by the grate, and looked over the collection of letters and papers.

'Well, dear, any news from anywhere this morning?' said Mrs. Cheshire.

'Come, sit here by me, mamma, and we will see.

'First, here's an announcement of Madam McHenry's millinery opening. Of course we will go. I wonder what my hat will be this year, mamma? Something lovely, I know. The new shades in pink are superb, and I think I will have pink trimmings.

'A note from Nell, and she is going to give a dinner the day before Easter. I am to assist her. Good! Decorations are to be Easter lilies and palms, with red carnations for tone and color. Perfectly exquisite.

'I shall certainly need a new dress for that, won't I, mamma? How would a black satin skirt, with one of those sweet Dresden silk waists, do? That would suit me exactly.

'Oh, I wish it didn't rain. Do you think Thomas would take the carriage out? I am just crazy to go and select my dress.'

'It would be very imprudent, Grace, and there is plenty of time before Easter, nearly two weeks.'

Grace tore open the next letter.

'From John, and he is coming home next Friday, will remain over Easter. I am so glad, glad, glad!'

Mrs. Cheshire was as happy as her daughter and said tenderly, 'We love John, don't we, Grace?'

'I guess we do. What will we plan to give him a royal good time? A party?'

'I think brother John will enjoy a quiet visit with us much better than any display we could make, and you know, Grace, Easter is a sacred day to us all, but I fear you sometimes forget it.'

'O yes, I know, and, dear me, it's so hard to remember John is going to be a minister. I wonder if he will be as jolly as he used to be. I suppose Mr. Hamilton will have him up in the pulpit, and—well, I'm glad he is coming, minister or no minister,' and Grace proceeded with the mail.

'Here is an invitation to Miss Jones's musical, and one to Kittie's to tea to-morrow, and—what is this?'

Grace read it with sober face, then replied to her mother's questioning glance.

'It's a note from Mr. Hamilton, asking if I will make an Easter offering, to be used in sending flowers to the hospitals, etc., and he wishes it to be my own free gift. What does he mean by that, mamma? I am sure I have nothing to give, only what comes from you.'

Mrs. Cheshire smiled and said softly, 'Think about it, Grace.'

Grace took up the 'Ladies' Home Journal,' the last of the mail matter, and went to the window seat to read. She slowly turned the pages until she came to the 'King's Daughters.'

'Oh, that makes me think. I am on the programme for a paper on self-sacrifice at the next meeting of our King's Daughters. That society is getting to be a perfect bore. I don't know the first thing about self-sacrifice.'

'It means very much, Grace.'

'I presume so, for missionaries, deaconesses and those people. I hope it will rain so I cannot go.'

'Why, Grace, you make me sorry. Brother John would—'

'John? Why, I had not thought of him. I'll get him to write my paper for me. It's right in his line, isn't it, mamma? I guess I'll go after all.'

The days had passed rapidly, and John was at home from college. He and Grace were sitting in the library talking of various things, and he asked about her work in the society of King's Daughters.

Grace had said to her mother that morning: 'John is not at all stiff and dreadful, as I expected him to be.' But as he approached the topic she disliked she felt very uncomfortable, but at once suggested that he write her paper for her.

'Have you thought very much about your subject, Grace?'

'No, not at all. I don't know anything in regard to it. Oh, of course I know what self-sacrifice is, in a way, but then, I could not write a paper.'

John drew his sister near to him. She was only seventeen and seemed very girlish, but he realized she was at a turning point in life, and he wished to lead her in the right direction.

It was growing dark when he left the library, and Grace was alone.

She had learned so much in that hour, and somehow she could not help thinking of her plans for the new dress and hat, and her pleasure in them were gone.

She saw herself as she had not before. 'Selfish, selfish,' kept coming to her mind, and suddenly she remembered the note from Mr. Hamilton, her pastor. Her face grew brighter and her worried heart was calm. The black satin skirt and sweet Dresden waist would be her Easter offering.

She went to her brother's room, and to his pleasant 'Come in,' she answered:

'O John, it's all so clear now. How blind I have been, and, John, I guess I'll not write a paper.'

'No? Why not, Grace?'

'I am sure I would rather talk to the girls, and tell them how I have learned my lesson of self-sacrifice.'

John's heart rejoiced and he said reverently:

'Praise God.'

The King's Daughters met, and many wondered what had happened to so change Grace Cheshire, and her influence was felt in more than one heart.

Nellie Mason's dinner was pronounced a success. Grace looked very pretty in the simple white cashmere (her last summer's graduating dress) with a spray of smilax and a carnation as her only ornament.

Some one was heard to say, 'What a happy face Grace Cheshire has,' but they did not know the secret.

When Grace awoke the next morning the Easter bells were ringing, and her heart was full of praise.

At church John smiled at her from his seat by Mr. Hamilton, and when he made the closing prayer and Grace bowed her head, she felt a sweet peace steal gently into her soul, and she realized that the Sun of Righteousness had risen, not only in Judea ages ago, but in the life she now consecrated to his service, and she joyfully sang the last hymn:

'Take my life and let it be,
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.'

God wants his children to find out that his hand is always within reach, no matter how dark it may be.—'Ram's Horn.'

## For Parents.

Whenever I speak to parents, two fathers come before me. One lived on the Mississippi river. He was a man of great wealth. One day his eldest son had been borne home unconscious. They did everything that man could do to restore him, but in vain. Time passed, and after a terrible suspense he recovered consciousness.

'My son,' the father whispered, 'the doctor tells me you are dying.'

'Oh,' said the boy, 'you never prayed for me, father; won't you pray for my lost soul now?'

The father wept. It was true he had never prayed. He was a stranger to God. And in a little while that soul, unprayed for, passed into its dark eternity.

The father has since said 'that he would give all his wealth if he could call back his boy, only to offer one short prayer for him.'

What a contrast is the other father! He, too, had a lovely son, and one day he came home to find him at the gates of death. His wife was weeping and she said:

'Our boy is dying; he has had a change for the worse. I wish you would go in and see him.'

The father went into the room and placed his hand upon the brow of the dying boy, and could feel the cold, damp sweat was gathering there; the cold, icy hand of death was feeling for the chord of life.

'Do you know, my son, that you are dying?' asked the father.

'Am I? Is this death? Do you really think I am dying?'

'Yes, my son, your end on earth is near.'

'And will I be with Jesus to-night, father?'

'Yes, you will soon be with the Saviour.'

'Father, don't weep; for when I get there I will go straight to Jesus and tell him that you have been trying all my life to lead me to him.'

God has given me three children, and ever since I can remember I have directed them to Christ. I would rather they carried this message to Jesus—that I had tried all their life to lead them to him—than have all the crowns of the earth; I would rather lead them to Jesus than give them the wealth of the world.—D. L. Moody.

## Love Divine.

Purer than the purest fountain,
Wider than the widest sea,
Sweeter than the sweetest music,
Is God's love in Christ to me.
Why love me so?
I do not know;
I only know
That nothing less than love divine
Could save this sinful soul of mine.

—'Herald and Presbyter.'

## The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN COLOSSIANS.

April 7, Sun.—The Firstborn from the dead.

April 8, Mon.—Having made peace through the blood of his cross.

April 9, Tues.—You that were sometime alienated and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled.

April 10, Wed.—To present you holy and unblameable and unreproveable in his sight.

April 11, Thur.—Christ in you, the hope of glory.

April 12, Fri.—Christ; in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.

April 13, Sat.—As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## A Hundred Fold

(By Ida T. Thurston, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.')

Isabel Glover, standing at the window, looked after the two men going down the street—the minister, with his narrow shoulders and nervous walk, and the precentor with his big body and his long strides. Plainly, the minister found it difficult to keep step with Mr. Moulton. The girl at the window watched them with grave eyes full of sombre fire. She was going over the brief interview she had just had with

EVERY NOTE WAS A PRAYER

the two men, and her heart was hot within her.

'They had no right to come here and tell me what is my duty!' she was saying to herself rebelliously, 'How can they tell—Dr. Lewis, whose heart is buried with the books in his library, and Mr. Moulton, who cares for nothing but to have the choir of the First Presbyterian Church maintain its reputation as the finest in the town? How can they understand? Sing! Those Easter anthems of joy and triumph would choke me—strangle me! I can't do it—God himself would not be cruel enough to require it of me. How could he when he let Benton go away from me, and made my life desolate? O Benton, Benton!'

The last words were spoken aloud, a wailing cry of misery that echoed despairingly through the silent room. Then the girl turned away and went quickly up the stairs. On the landing she hesitated for a moment; then slowly, as if half against her will, she opened a door and entered a large, pleasant room. It was a man's room evidently, and might have been occupied by its owner within a day, to judge from its appearance. A coat was flung over a chair; a pair of gloves lay on the table, one of them across the page of an open book, as if to mark the place. A vase held a handful of fresh jonquils, whose vivid gold brightened the room like a shaft of sunlight; and above them hung a picture of a young fellow of perhaps nineteen or twenty. As Isabel Glover stood looking up hungrily at the picture, the strong likeness to herself made evident the relationship. This was the picture of her brother, her more than brother, her other self, for their life histories dated from a single hour.

'If I only knew where you are, Benton!' the girl cried out. 'How could you leave me so? Didn't you think—didn't you know how the terrible uncertainty would eat into my heart and make bitter all my days?'

The pictured face seemed to mock her with its cold unresponsiveness. Her eyes filled with hot tears, and she turned away hastily and went across the hall to her own room. The cards that the minister and the precentor had sent up lay on her table. The sight of them brought her thoughts back to the errand on which the two men had come. Then quick steps sounded on the stairs, and a voice, a girl's voice brimming with glad cadences, floated up to her.

'I'm coming, Isabel. Speak quick if you don't want me.'

Isabel tossed aside the cards, and the shadows in her eyes lifted a little as Frances Reed's bright face peeped in at her door.

'Come along, child,' she answered. 'It's many a day since you needed to wait for a welcome here.'

'I hope so,' the other girl replied as she flung herself down on the floor, her arms across her friend's lap. She had some jonquils stuck in her belt, and Isabel thought that she looked somewhat like a jonquil herself, with her mop of yellow hair and the sunny light in her blue eyes.

'I met Dr. Lewis and Mr. Moulton,' she began. 'Do you want to tell me or don't you, Isa?'

'There's nothing to tell except that they came to ask me to sing. You know Miss Richardson is sick. Mr. Moulton is in great distress for fear that Trinity Church choir will out sing that of the First Presbyterian on Easter morning.' There was a touch of scorn in Isabel's voice.

The blue eyes, full now of earnest pleading, were lifted to the brown ones above them, and the glad voice thrilled with deep feeling.

'O Isabel, won't you? Do!'

Isabel's hand dropped suddenly away from the bright hair.

'Frances, I thought you knew me better than to suggest such a thing,' she answered coldly, yet with a little tremble, too, in her voice.

In a moment the other girl's arms were about her neck, and the warm, fresh cheek was laid lovingly against hers.

'Dear,' Frances whispered, 'I'm a foolish little thing with no brains to speak of, and I'm scared out of my wits this minute at my own audacity; but I must speak, and you must listen, this once, Isa. I don't believe there is anybody in the whole wide world so sorry for you as I am, but—I think you ought to sing again in the choir. Wait, please,' as Isabel tried to push her away. She would not be rebuffed, but clung the closer and hurried on breathlessly. 'Let me tell you something. I saw Mrs. Somers yesterday.'

Isabel's face changed suddenly. Fred Somers had been Benton's chum at school, his close friend always. The two had been inseparable until Benton went away. Frances's clear voice, low and tender now, went on.

'You'd be sorry for her, Isa! Since Fred died she has grown so frail and her hair so white. Do you know what she said to me? Will you let me tell you?'

Isabel nodded.

'She said that she was going to try to go to Church Easter Sunday because Fred loved the Easter music better than any other, and she said that it would comfort her more than anything else to hear you sing in your old place.'

Not another word was said, for Frances Reed had the rare gift of knowing when to be silent. She kissed her friend, and went away without another look at the dark, grief-worn face. Well she knew that a sore battle lay before Isabel Glover, a battle that must be fought alone, with not even

the friend who loved her so well to help or hinder.

The next morning Isabel Glover sent a brief note to Mr. Moulton.

'I am sure that I shall disappoint you, for I have no heart for songs of rejoicing,' she wrote; 'but I will do the best I can if you cannot find any one else to take Miss Richardson's place.'

In the interval she practiced with the choir; but, as Easter approached, she shrunk more and more from the ordeal before her.

'O, how can I sing there—without Benton?' was the continual cry of her aching heart—Benton, whose clear, flute-like voice had done more than anything else to make the choir of the First Church famous in the town. More than once she wrote to Mr. Moulton that she could not sing, but each time some power stronger than herself kept her from sending the message. On Good Friday and Saturday her mind was in a tumult of miserable indecision. To withdraw at this late hour she felt would be wrong, yet it seemed to her that it would be an utter impossibility for her to stand up there among the lilies, as she had stood with her brother in other years, and lift her voice—missing his.

The dawn of Easter found her white and wretched after an almost sleepless night. Her lonely breakfast was a fast unbroken; and, when the music of the church bells woke the echoes in the quiet streets, she set off, assured in her own mind that she would not be able to sing. Mr. Moulton would see for himself that she could not do it.

She was early, and there were not many people in the streets; and the few that she met she passed unnoticing until suddenly she stopped short with a little gasping cry. Then she hurried on, an eager light in her eyes, a bright flush on her cheeks. She had caught sight of a figure, tall, slender, and young, such a figure as was ever present to her mental vision. O, how many, many times she had dreamed of seeing Benton so, of running after him and pleading with him to come back to her! There was a shabby, neglected look about this figure she was following that was not like Benton; but, then, who could tell how it might be with Benton now after these endless months since he went away? He might be shabby and travel-worn now. She was hurrying on breathlessly, for that one before her was walking rapidly.

They were almost at the church when she came near enough to see his side face. It was not Benton. The bitterness of her disappointment was so great that she could not suppress a little moaning cry. At the sound the young fellow turned and looked straight into her face.

'Are you sick? Can I—do anything?' he asked hesitatingly.

Involuntarily both paused, looking into each other's eyes. O no, this face was not like Benton's. God forbid, the girl cried in her heart, God forbid that Benton's face should ever bear the marks that were on this one; yet it was enough like Benton's to stir her heart to its depths.

It was not like Isabel Glover to act on impulse; but she yielded now to a sudden prompting, and answered quickly: 'Yes; you can come to church here this morning. Will you? I am to sing. I think I can sing better if I see you there.'

The look of incredulous amazement on his face reflected the feeling in her own mind. She could not understand what had moved her to speak so. She was divided between wanting him to walk away, and longing to have him enter the church. He, too, seemed undecided. She did not wait for him to reach a decision. With a little bow, she passed on and through the chapel to the singers' seats.

Five minutes later, she saw him slip in and drop into the last pew at the back of the church. She drew a long breath of relief then; she had wanted him to come, after all. Somehow, poor and shabby and sin-scarred as he was, that shadowy resemblance to Benton was there, unmistakably there. O what would she not give to see her brother sitting there to-day as that poor boy was sitting? Then another thought flashed through her mind. He was not her brother, but perhaps somewhere in the world there was a sister watching and longing for him as she for Benton.

She no longer feared that she could not sing; she knew now that she could—she must—sing to that boy.

'To him and to Fred's mother,' she said to herself, her eyes filling suddenly as Mrs. Somers came feebly down the aisle. Frances Reed was with her, her shining eyes and golden hair in striking contrast to the pale, wasted face and white hair of the lonely mother in her sombre mourning garments.

People said afterwards that Isabel Glover had never sung as she did that morning. Nobody guessed that every note was a prayer for that lost boy in the back seat, a passionate prayer to him, urging him, pleading with him to go back to his home, to the loving hearts watching and waiting for him there. Nobody guessed it, unless possibly the boy himself, whose heart melted within him as he listened with bowed head. Only to him and to that sad-faced mother in her black dress the girl sung. She could not see up in the gallery another young fellow as motionless as the big pillar behind which he shrunk.

As the clear, rich voice rang through the silent church, pulsing, throbbing with the beautiful message it bore from the very soul of the singer, it was not only the shabby boy in the back seat whose heart was melted within him. Isabel Glover had given of her best to save the soul of a stranger that day, and the Master gave her back her Easter offering a hundred-fold; for Benton slept in his own room that Easter night.

## Keep Trying.

If a boy should get discouraged
  At lessons or at work,
And say, 'There's no use trying,'
  And all hard tasks should shirk,
And keep on shirking, shirking,
  Till the boy become a man,
I wonder what the world would do
  To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict
  Gives up at first defeat;
If once repulsed, his courage
  Lies shattered at his feet.
The brave heart wins the battle
  Because, through thick and thin,
He'll not give up as conquered—
  He fights and fights to win.

So, boys, don't get disheartened
  Because at first you fail;
If you but keep on trying,
  At last you will prevail.
Be stubborn against failure,
  Then try and try again;
The boys who keep on trying
  Have made the world's best men.

—Selected.

No matter what appearances may be, there is no such thing as real prosperity to the wicked.—'Ram's Horn.'

## Into the Heart of Easter.

(By Helen A. Hawley, in the 'Golden Rule.')

It was some time before Easter and a group of girls were talking gaily about the new suits which they hoped to wear on Easter Sunday, when they were interrupted by some one entering the room.

'Sh—hush!'

'Who is it? Miss Tappan?'

Miss Tappan was the teacher. No, it was not Miss Tappan that entered.

A girl rather tall and pale, with a sweet though somewhat sad face, and dressed in black. Not a thread of white in her attire.

'Some mystery?' she asked, as there was an awkward silence. 'Never mind, I'm just passing through the hall.' She said it quite pleasantly, without a trace of suspicion in her manner.

'No, no, Alice; don't go.' Gertrude, who had been the first speaker, wound her arm around the tall girl's waist. 'We were on the old subject of clothes; and we've worn it threadbare, same as our gowns.' She held up her elbow, which was perilously near to darning. At the same time she flashed a warning glance at the others.

'But I really must; for it's time to go home—and mamma—misses me.' Alice added the last words involuntarily, as if she would not have done so had she thought. There was a little quiver in her voice.

'Poor child,' Gertrude said as Alice passed out. 'I couldn't have her hear us talking over our Easter dresses. I expect it'll be a pretty hard day for her.'

'I don't believe she'll go to church at all, or to Sunday-school. I'm sure I couldn't.' This was Sallie's opinion.

This was a group of schoolgirls, not better nor worse than the average. They had their own serious thoughts if somewhat reticent about expressing them. Do not blame them because they had also a real liking for pretty things in the way of dress and adornment. The fault lay in thinking about Easter Sunday more as the opportunity to wear new attire than as a time for putting on a lovelier spirit. They went to the same school on week-days, and on Sundays they sat in the same class. They were firm friends, also. To not one of them had grief ever come closely, until four months ago, when Alice Wilmot's father died. That made a sort of break, not in the friendship, but in the feeling of fellowship. Alice seemed set apart as one that had peered into the unknown. She had had an experience that could not be told in girlish confidences.

'No, certainly we shall not see her on Easter Day. How dreary it will be for her!' This was the unanimous conclusion.

In that place Sunday-school was in the morning before church. There was an interval of fifteen minutes or so between it and the church service. In that interval the girls usually talked things over, sometimes in merry mood, sometimes in serious, if the lesson had been impressive.

So the Easter Sunday came, and the teacher might count on a full class. Decorous attention, too, however thoughts might wander.

The girls looked so pretty. Sallie in her tailor-made gown and broad gray hat trimmed with big rosettes of dark blue satin, Edith in her gayer garnishings, each with something bright and fresh.

Then Alice came, wearing the same black dress that she had worn so many Sundays, a single white carnation at her throat. The girls felt her to be something inharmonious. She did not feel them to be so.

The superintendent gave out the opening hymn. 'A new hymn,' he said, 'but we will sing it to an old tune, so that all may join.'

'Mary was seeking her dead that day;
'Twas the glad, first Easter morn;
"Alas! they have taken my Lord away,
And here I must weep forlorn."

'Yet close beside her the Master stood,
A stranger in unknown guise;
"Mary!" The word changed her sad heart's mood,
And the veil fell from her eyes.

'We seek our dead on this Easter morn,
We weep for them bitter tears;
Oh! why do they leave us here forlorn
Through the many lonely years?

'But as we mourn, list! a whisper sweet,
It says in tenderest tone,
"A little while—the years are fleet,
And love shall reclaim its own."

'O not far off is the spirit land,
If our eyes could opened be;
Our dead—are they living close at hand?
Some day we, too, shall see.'

'Look at Alice.' Sallie nudged Lillian and whispered. Lillian looked. Alice was singing with all her soul, a joyous soul, too, that was evident. As the hymn ended, she caught the unguarded surprise on the girls' faces, and her own face flushed a little.

When the session closed, and the class stopped to talk, Alice turned with her arms extended as if she would embrace them all.

'Girls,' she said, 'I know you are wondering at me; but this is the happiest day since papa went away. This morning mamma and I read about the first Easter Day, then we turned over to Paul's glorious words about the resurrection, and now that hymn. It is all so real. I want to tell you, but I can't. Only to-day I know that papa has just gone to another and happier home, perhaps only into another room in the "many mansions." Some day we'll be together again, because Jesus rose and has made it possible. O girls, if you had ever seen a life go out as I saw his, and then have this become real to you, you would know what I mean.'

They were sober but not sad maidens that went up the church steps. Though they looked pretty, so that mammas and teachers were proud of their bright young beauty, one thing is certain: they never thought less about their personal adornments than during that morning service, for into their hearts had come the true meaning of Easter Day.

## The Master is Risen Indeed.

Aye, the lilies are pure in their pallor, the roses are fragrant and sweet,
The music pours out like a sea-wave, pulsing in praise at His feet;
Pulsing in passionate praises that Jesus has risen again—
But we look for the sign of His coming in the hearts of the children of men.

Wherever the kind hand of pity falls soft on a wound or a woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster a foe,
Wherever in sight of God's legions the armies of evil recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen indeed.

—Mary Lowe Dickinson, in 'Union Signal.'

The man who loves his neighbor as himself can put up with a thousand things no one else could stand.—'Ram's Horn.'

## The Love Story of a Little Soul.

(By Nellie King.)

'Whither away, thou sad soul?'

'When last I saw thee, thou wast even as sad as I—but now, why now, thou art radiant; thou art all ashine! What has befallen thee?'

And the little soul answered, with wondrous shy sweetness, 'I am beloved.'

'O, is that all? Good-by!'

'Nay, now, be not so hasty. Stay a little; this is different from other loves.'

'So they all say,' lightly laughed the sad soul.

'Yea, I know, but this is different,' tenderly insisted the little soul.

'Verily, then, wherein is thy love different from all other loves, thou foolish one?'

'My love is a King's Son.'

'Thou dost but jest.'

'Nay, I jest not, but speak the truth in soberness.'

'He does but trifle with thee?'

'Nay, nay! He is no trifler. He loves me, truly, and has given me every proof of his sincere and loyal affection.'

'Possibly; but when this comes to the King's ears he will disinherit him, and then thy lover will be no King's son, thou silly one!'

'Ah, but that is the best part of it!' exultantly cried the little soul. 'The King himself loves me, and sent his Son to me.'

'Surely now, thou art mad. I know not why I tarry to hear such idle talk. Prithee, tell me what thy King saw in thee, that he should love thee, and send his Son to thee?'

'I think,' meekly and sweetly answered the little soul, 'he knew how sorely I needed such a lover.'

'A good reason, truly. Methinks the King hath many sons, and can well spare this one; and, mayhap, he is not comely, and the king does not love him.'

'O, he is the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth! He is the beloved Son, in whom the King is well pleased.'

'I am much perplexed at thy speech. 'Tis but vain babbling; yet I would fain hear more of this strange tale. Tell me, now, why doth thy Prince love thee?'

'That I cannot understand myself, but I do know that I am my Beloved's, and his desire is toward me.'

'And hast thou, then, plighted thy troth?'

'Aye, in love and in faithfulness hath he betrothed me unto himself forever.'

'I beseech thee, thou happy one, tell me, doth thy Prince address thee with endearing words?'

'Never lover spake like mine!' softly murmured the little soul. 'He calls me his love, his dove, his pure, his undefiled. He says I am all fair, there is no spot in me.'

'What art thou, that thou shouldst be so honored?' angrily cried the sad soul. 'Thou art but a common soul, like myself; thou art poor and unlovely, full of sin and guilt. But yet, as I look steadfastly on thee, I see thou art not the same; some strange, sweet change has come over thee. Tell me, what is it?'

And oh, with what thrilling gladness the little soul made answer, 'My Beloved hath made me to partake of his nature.'

'Where gottest thou that white robe, wonderful in texture and purity, which covers thee with its fair folds? Thou wast not wont to be thus attired!'

'It is his robe. He put it on me.'

'But, forgive me, thou wast ever a foolish little one, ignorant and ungraceful; where gottest thou this wisdom which flavors all thy speech, and this gracious, loving way which strangely draws me to thee?'

'The beauty of my Lord is upon me; he is my wisdom; I have learned of him; of his grace have I received; and his love has been shed abroad in my heart.'

'Thou dost fill me with a strange and ever-increasing interest. Tell me, I pray thee, what is the name of thy Beloved?'

'He is called "Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty Saviour, the Prince of Peace," but I like best to call him by his given name—Jesus.'

'Canst tell me what he is like?'

'O, he is the chiefest among ten thousand; the One altogether lovely. He is all grace and beauty.'

'Where does he dwell? May I see him?'

'He has gone to his Father.'

'And what is his errand there?'

'He has gone to prepare a place for me.'

'Why did he leave thee alone and comfortless?'

'He has not left me comfortless, but has sent me one like himself and the Father, who comforts me, sweetly talks to me of my absent Lord, and teaches me all things, so that I may be ready for the King's court.'

'What! Wilt thou appear at court'

'Yea, verily. My Beloved's absence is short, and he will return and take me unto himself, that we may always be together. His last words were, "Behold, I come quickly!" and I am expecting him any moment.'

'Dost thou know aught of what thy life in the King's palace will be?'

'I could never have conceived of aught so glorious, but the Comforter, whom my Lord sent, hath told me.'

'Tell me, I beseech thee!'

'O, I shall ever be with my Jesus, and I shall be like him, for I shall be united to him forever and I shall always be the object of his tenderest love and care, and together we shall serve the great and blessed King—but thou art weeping! Thou sad soul, why weepest thou?'

'Oh, that I had such a lover!'

'Then dry thy tears,' joyfully exclaimed the little soul, 'for thou hast just such a lover.'

'Cruel one, to mock me!'

'Nay, nay, I mock thee not! See, I come to thee with the love of this same Jesus; 'tis for thee as well as for me. Canst thou not see it shining in my eyes? Did I not tell thee that his love was shed abroad in my heart?'

'Yea, thou didst, and I feel it shining on my ice-bound heart. But nay, 'tis too good to be true. But oh, this longing to believe thy words—how strong it is! They meet the unspeakable longing of my life with such strange completeness that it seems as if they must be true.'

'Now thou hast the sweet secret!' gladly exclaimed the little soul. 'When thou askest me why he loved me, did I not tell thee, because I needed such a Lover?'

'If need were thy only attraction, thou canst not surpass me. But I cannot understand it; thou dost shine more and more. Art thou glad, does it please thee that he loves me, also?'

'Aye, indeed, nothing pleases me better!'

'But thou dost not fear to share this love, lest thou become less to him?'

Thereat the little soul laughed blithely and made such wondrous joyful melody that the sad soul cried out, 'O, laugh again; I never heard such music!' Whereat the air became again vibrant with the glad, holy laughter of the little soul, and then she answered: 'That is the secret of the secret! The more souls I tell of his love, the more my Jesus loves me.'

'Oh, how beautiful, how blessed! Are

there others, then, whom the Prince loves besides thee and me ?'

'Yea, verily. Jesus is the Lover of every soul, and there is no limit to his love; it is boundless as the ocean, fathomless as the sky, and these fail to express the measure, but we may liken it to them.'

'Take me to him ; let me fall at his feet and touch but the hem of his garment !'

'Patience, dear one ; thou must wait with me, and all the beloved souls, until he comes. But, meanwhile, thou hast this assurance from thy Beloved, that "nothing can separate thee from his love."'

'Nothing can separate me from his love?' wonderingly repeated the sad soul. 'Why, then, I have nothing more to fear—there can never be any more sorrow for me !'

'I must e'en find thee a new name. Thou art no longer "sad soul," thou art "glad soul."'

'Aye, that I am !' joyfully echoed the glad soul. 'But I am hungering to know more of our Jesus—tell me all about him.'

'Thou dost ask of me an impossibility. Only the blessed Comforter can do that, but he will take the things of Jesus and show them to thee, and satisfy thy yearning.'

'Then may I, too, have the company of this Guide and Comforter ?'

'In truth thou mayest, for only through his teaching canst thou ever know thy Lord.'

'I am so thankful,' cried the glad soul. 'I feared he was only sent to those whom the Lord loved first.'

'Not so,' said the little soul, reassuringly. 'He is for all who will receive him for love of Jesus. He has letters from the King and our Beloved which, while we may easily read them, we can only understand their full meaning as he lights them up for us.'

'And what is the import of these letters ?' eagerly inquired the glad soul.

'They reveal to us the love of the King, and his will for us; they tell us of the life of our Jesus while he was here in our country, what he is doing now at his Father's court ; they make known to us our relations to the King, our Father, and to our Lord, and our life with him hereafter ; they also contain rules and instructions for our daily living, besides many exceeding great and precious promises for our help and comfort.'

'How good to have these letters and this gentle Guide to show us their true meaning. Where is his school ? Come, let us be going !'

'Hold ; not so fast !' smilingly cried the little soul. 'The Blessed Comforter is here, and thou canst learn of him now, any time, and all the time. He will meet with thee in the stillness of thy chamber, and hold sweet communion with thee. He will be with two or three who together desire his teaching, and he will come in mighty power upon the great congregation as they wait before him.'

'O, precious little soul, I must seek him—I do so hunger and thirst for his teaching. Wilt thou that we learn together ? Or stay ; dost thou remember the corner in the rose-garden under the old willow, where I was wont to resort, to weep and lament over my sad and loveless fate ? Methinks it would be a fitting place in which to learn more of this new wine of his love that fills me with such unspeakable joy.'

And casting backward a loving, radiant look that seemed to make bright all the air about her, and calling out in tremulous, joy-laden tones, 'Good-bye, dear little soul ! nothing can separate us from his love,' the glad soul sped away to the rose-garden.

Very still stood the little soul, with clasped hands and upturned face, softly singing: 'Nothing can separate us, nothing can separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' When lo, her heaven-attuned ears caught the sound of celestial hallelujahs, and there appeared unto her a vision of angels striking their golden harps and singing : 'There is joy in heaven to-day'; and behold, one tall angel left the bright ranks and floating towards the little soul, said most lovingly, 'Thou beloved of the Lord, go thy ways ; tell all the words of this life, and the grace of God be with thee. Amen.' With this benediction resting sweetly upon her, the little soul went meekly and joyfully forth, and—you may see her any day and hear her new old story.—Leaflet.

## The Spending Habit.

(By Minna Stanwood.)

Some persons affect a scorn of the habit of saving, and think that nothing but meanness could prompt a person to refuse a child's demand for a penny, or deprive him of the pleasure of spending his own. To some it seems a great waste of time to try to teach a young child forethought, but when shall it be taught, if not in youth ? If it is learned in after life, it must be at the cost of infinite pain and mortification. We exclaim with horror at the rich young man who has run through his possessions in a few short years, but there are poor spendthrifts as well as rich ones.

I once knew two young girls, each of whom earned ten dollars a week. After paying her board each girl had five dollars left for clothes, car fares, and other expenses. One girl was always neatly and tastefully dressed ; her gloves and shoes were in good condition, and she had every appearance of being in easy circumstances. The other girl wore the very cheapest garments she could buy ; her shoes were in such condition that she had to be ingenious about concealing them, and her very cheap gloves were usually dangling buttonless in one hand, 'to let people see she had a pair,' as she used to say. She was constantly borrowing carfares and trying to elude her laundress. She never had any money for an emergency, and was continually whining about her meagre salary. The trouble was, she had never learned to deny herself, or to look ahead. If she wanted candy, she simply must have it. Only twenty-eight cents for a pound of chocolates—that was not much ! She was very fond of 'treating' other girls to soda. She could not be stingy and soda only ten cents a glass ! It stung her sometimes to reflect that the girls who drank her soda and ate her candy so willingly, never invited her to their homes or to their little social affairs. Of course, her clothes would have prevented her accepting if they had. She envied the more prudent girl her comfortable condition, but half despised her, too, for being 'mean and close.'

Thoughtless spending is not generosity, it is prodigality, whether five dollars is to be spent or five thousand. To live carefully within our means is not parsimony, but duty.

I firmly believe that if children were better instructed in the value and use of money, we should have fewer social and moral wrecks, and more happiness and contentment in the world.—'Forward.'

Remember how short is the time
Allotted to man upon earth :
How quickly he passes his prime—
But a span to the grave from his birth.
—Dr. Raffles.

## Christine's Word.

(By Kate Sumner Gates.)

'Howbeit Jesus suffered him not, but saith unto him, Go home to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee.'

Christine Wilson stopped at that verse in her morning's reading, closed her Bible, and sat for a long time looking thoughtfully out of the window.

'I wonder,' she said, at last, slowly to herself, 'I wonder if ever I have told any friend of mine what "great things" Christ has done for me. I don't believe I have, I do not remember doing it, and yet why ought not I to, as well as the healed demoniac ?—I have been healed.' There came into her face a look of reverent thankfulness as she remembered that for his sake her sins were forgiven, blotted out. Then she rose and put away her Bible, but all the while she was dressing to go down street, there was an absent, preoccupied look on her fair young face.

'Oh dear !' she said, at last, half impatiently, as she knotted the dainty lace tie at her throat, 'I don't see why that verse haunts me so, I'm sure Yes, I know I ought to tell my friends. And I will, too,' she added, suddenly and decidedly. 'I will not be obliged to say again that I have been less grateful than the demoniac of old. But whom shall I tell ? I know ; I will speak to the first friend I meet.'

The cloud lifted from her face, and with light heart she went out into the bright sunshine. The verse and the impression it had made upon her had almost slipped her mind, when there came a quick step just behind her.

'Christine,' spoke a familiar voice, and there was Tom Wayland. The instant she heard him, and met his merry, quizzical glance, she remembered her resolution to tell 'the first friend she met.'

'But I didn't know it would be Tom. If only it was Ella Bailey, or any of the girls. Why should it be Tom, of all persons ?'

Then, just there, a bit of Spencer flashed through her mind :

'It chanced, eternal God that chance did guide.'

Christine involuntarily shivered. What if it were of God's special ordaining that she had met Tom ? And, after all, why could she not tell him, as well as any one ? questioned conscience. Had she not known him from her childhood up ? They had studied the same books, played the same games ; why should she hesitate to speak of this one thing to him ?

'Why—because no one ever thinks of speaking seriously to Tom,' she pleaded ; 'and he was never known to speak seriously himself.'

Christine knew full well how mercilessly this self-same Tom could ridicule a thing when he chose.

'I cannot,' she said, decidedly, to herself. 'And besides the street is no place to speak of such things.'

'But you presented your friend Miss Denham to him on the street only yesterday, and why not present Jesus to-day ?' urged conscience, to which reasoning Christine had no answer.

They had been walking along together, chatting of this and that all the while that Christine had been parleying with her conscience.

They had come now to the corner, Tom was going one way, Christine the other.

He lifted his hat gracefully, and waited

for her to pass, but Christine suddenly came to a standstill.

'Tom,' she said, hurriedly, 'it occurred to me this morning, and I am so sorry and ashamed about it, that I've never said one word to you about my best friend. O Tom, you've no idea what a friend he is, nor how he helps and comforts me. I cannot tell you how much happier I am since I found my Saviour. Won't you let him be your friend?'

Then she waited almost breathlessly. Would he turn it off with a laugh as she had so often heard him? She looked up, and found, instead of a laugh, an entirely new expression for Tom Wayland's face to wear; and something very like unto a tear glistening in his merry brown eye.

'Thank you, Christine,' he said, gravely; 'I have no one to speak to me of these things at home, and by the utter silence of my friends, who profess to know about them, I had begun to think there was nothing in it. I am very glad to find there is'

Then he was gone, and Christine hardly knew whether she felt most thankful to think she had spoken, or ashamed that she had been so long silent.

'Christine,' said her brother, coming into the sitting-room where she was at work, a few days after, 'there has been a dreadful accident. The Western express was run into by a freight, and a good many lives were lost; and they say Tom Wayland was on board.'

Yes, Christine remembered he had told her he should probably go away on that train, on business; he had spoken of it because it would oblige him to be absent from their church social.

The report proved only too true; he was not only on the train, but was also fatally injured. But there had been a few moments of consciousness after the accident, and tearing a leaf from his note-book, Tom had painfully written a few lines, which he sent to Christine by one of the passengers who had escaped unhurt.

'Dear Christine,' it read, 'I cannot tell you how I thank you for those words of yours. I think I found him yesterday, and he has done "great things" for me in this dreadful time.—Tom.'

'And to think,' said Christine to herself, with a sob 'how near I came to not speaking it. How strange I should read just that verse that morning, and meet Tom! I suppose God knew about it all,' and again that one little fragment came into her mind:

'It chanced, eternal God that chance did guide.'

—'Watchman.'

## Sure Signs.

When a boy is patient and persevering, and conquers difficulties, it is a sign he will get on in life.

If he is in a hurry to spend each penny as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spendthrift.

If he is obedient to his parents, he has the promise that his 'days shall be long in the land.'

If he is lazy and indifferent, and neglects his studies, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him.

If he loves his Bible, and his Church, and his Sunday-school, he will be good and useful, and occupy an honorable position among men.

Are you patient, persevering, prayerful, careful, generous, and good? Are you trying to be?

## 'Bucking Centre' Against a Blizzard.

(By John F. Cowan, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'If I could only get his mind off football long enough to impress it on him.'

'Oh, well, that match game with the Norwood school will soon be over, and then things won't be quite so bad.'

'I hope not,' assented Dick's mother. 'If it isn't too late then. You know the weather reports say snow by Sunday.'

'But you wouldn't want him to lack pride in his school,' pleaded Dick's father, remembering something of his own schoolboy enthusiasm.

'It may be all right for colleges, but I don't see why every grammar school should think it necessary to have a football team and play match games. I almost tremble when little Harold comes home from kindergarten for fear he will tell me they have organized a football team and invented a yell. He's almost as bad as Dick now. He makes centre rushes, or whatever they call them, against Mary when she is setting the china on the table, and tackles Dick about the legs until I am sure he will be hurt.'

'They'll make stronger and more manly men for taking a healthy interest in manly sports. They'll fight against life's difficulties more bravely.'

'Well, I hope so,' sighed Mrs. Compton. 'I really don't see how all that is going to help poor Mrs. Wiggins's wood into the shed, though, and that is the main question now. She has rheumatism, and she can't afford to pay a man to put it in. She has depended on Dick for several years now, and I fear it will be a poor exchange for all the manliness he will get out of football, to neglect such a chance to be a true knight-errant to a defenceless female.'

'Great guns!' exclaimed the bewildered Dick, as, the next morning after Thanksgiving, he tumbled out of bed sore and stiff from 'doing up' the Norwood team, and saw the snow piled half way up the window-sash. 'And that mountain of wood over in Mrs. Wiggins's yard three feet deep under snow!' was his next ejaculation, for he had really meant to get up and begin piling it in the shed that morning.

A 'White Mountain' it was, truly. The paper says there are two days more of this sort of weather to follow,' he heard his father reading, as he came down stairs.

'And Mrs. Wiggins with nothing but wood to burn, and that to dig from under a four-foot snow bank!' sighed his mother.

'Better say ten-foot,' suggested Mr. Compton. 'The pile has caught the drift and it's three times as deep there as anywhere else.'

'She shan't dig a stick of it out,' Dick hastened to say.

'But your chance has gone, Dick. What can you do in such a storm as this?'

'Buck centre!' called out young master Harold, squaring his shoulders and making for Dick in fun.

'Don't, Harold, please,' begged Dick, who was too much sobered by the conditions he faced to relish Harold's play as usual.

'Yes, what are you going to do about it now, Dick?' quietly asked his father.

'Why—why'—Dick stammered, thinking out a plan of action as fast as he could; 'I s'pose we shall have to buck centre against this blizzard. The game is against me, I own, but it's not too late to regain it.'

Before Dick's mother caught his meaning, he was over in Mrs. Wiggins's yard, ploughing through the snow-drifts, the wind shrieking about his head in a cutting rage, sifting the fine, frosty snow into his ears and eyes and down his back. He floundered, he gasped for breath, he spluttered, and when he had dug an opening into the wood pile and went stumbling to Mrs. Wiggins's door with an armful, he stamped and puffed and slapped his cold hands against his body in anything but a jolly way.

'You won't whitewash Old Boreas as easily as you did the Norwood fellows yesterday,' teased his sister Grace.

'He's white enough already,' was Dick's jaunty reply. 'If we don't score a touchdown before night, though, my name isn't Dick Compton.'

'We?' echoed Grace, 'And, pray, who are "we"?'

'O, the rest of the boys promised to stand by me if I would put in all my time practicing for the game, and let the wood go. And now I am going to hold them to it. There's no school to-day.'

'Ting-a-ling!' rang Mr. Compton's telephone bell. 'Central' assured the boy at the end of the line that most of the wires were working. Then there was more ting-a-linging, and lots of it, and a great deal of conversation that sounded like urging and coaxing, until at last the final, 'all right!' fell from Dick's lips.

A half hour or so later there began a siege of stamping and hallooing on the Compton's side porch, that grew noisier and more defiant of the blizzard, until nearly all of the Southwark grammar school football team was marshalled. Then the yell that had carried dismay to the hearts of the Norwood fellows the day before was hurled from a dozen lusty throats into the very teeth of the howling storm. Dick called 'Time!' and they formed a line and made a brave dash for the woodpile in Mrs. Wiggins's yard.

Old Boreas shrieked with vengeance, and the Storm King strengthened his defences by heaping more snow and sending dabs of of it into the boys' faces and down their necks. Jack Frost made a dash at their weakest point—their noses, ears and fingers—and they soon realized that the game was to be a hard and long-fought one, but their blood was up, too.

By the time Tom Appleton had to retire to the kitchen range, his toes crippled by cold, another of the team had arrived ready to substitute. Before the game ended several cases of frosted ears, numbed fingers, were in the hospital, but the evening twilight had not fallen too deeply to see, ere there was a wide path of trampled snow, and a large bare spot of ground to show where the Southwark grammar school team had bucked centre successfully against the worst blizzard in ten years.

## Buried Treasures.

'Tis true my later years are blest
With all that riches can bestow,
But there is wealth, wealth cannot buy,
Hid in the mines of 'Long Ago.'

There jealous guard does Memory keep;
Yet sometimes, when I dream alone,
She comes and takes my hand in hers,
And shows me what was once my own.

I revel 'mong such precious things;
I count my treasures o'er and o'er;
I learn the worth of some, whose worth,
Ah, me! I never knew before.

And then all slowly fades away,
And I return to things you know,
With empty hands and tear-filled eyes,
Back from the mines of 'Long Ago.'

—Marie Hedderwick Browne.

# LITTLE FOLKS

## An Easter Flower which Flew Away.

The Russell children were perched on the fence, looking down the road by which Sister Grace would come from the station.

They used to watch there for mother, but Helen realized that mother would never again come round the turn by the big elm, and wave her handkerchief to the children on the fence, for in September the busy, loving mother had died.

There had been a few miserable days when every one walked softly because mother was sick; and then they had all marched in a sad little procession down through the old

orchard, with its mellowing apples and fading leaves, to a quiet little lot full of pine-trees. Grandfather and grandmother were buried there, and there they left their mother's body and went back to the lonely house.

Then it was that Sister Grace began to be mother to them all, comforting them one by one—fifteen-year-old Helen, and Jack, who was twelve, and Polly and Paul, the twins, and little Elizabeth, just six, whom she rocked to sleep in her arms and left to dream of "mamma, with lovely, shining wings."

On the day this story begins, Grace had been gone all day, getting their winter things in the city, and they were lonely. But at last the carriage came swiftly up the dusty road and stopped, and each one received an armful of bundles to carry to the house.

Elizabeth's load was a pasteboard box, and Grace opened this and gave her a bag of candy.

"And here is an Easter lily for you, Helen," she said, "and a daffodil for Jack, and hyacinths for the twins. I thought you'd like to take care of them, and at Easter we can put them on mother's grave."

Elizabeth laid down her candy and began to cry.

"What's the matter, Beth?" Grace asked, surprised.

"I want to do something for my mother and you did not bring me anything," she said, her lips trembling.

"Why, you poor little girlie!" Grace said. "I thought you were too little."

"Here, Bethie, you can have mine," Jack said; but Elizabeth shook her head.

"No, no!" she said. "I don't want yours. I want one of my very own!"

"Never mind, dear," Grace said. "I'll send for one for you."

But suddenly Elizabeth sat up and dried her eyes, smiling mysteriously. "No, you mustn't, Grace," she said. "I'll get one for my own self to-morrow morning. I know where." And she nodded her head wisely, but not another word would she say.

The children planted their bulbs and set them away in the cellar. Next morning, when the others had gone to school, Elizabeth came in, holding something triumphantly in a grimy hand.

"I found it!" she cried, running up to Grace. "Now I'll have a flower for mamma!"

Grace looked at it. It was a very large brown chrysalis, and it did look like a bulb. She opened her lips to tell Elizabeth her mistake, and then she changed her mind.

She found a little pot, and some soft, light earth, and putting the chrysalis in, sprinkled a little earth lightly over it, and set it away. They had it for a secret and told no one.

One by one the pots were brought up from the cellar and set in the sunny window.

All had tiny green points pushing up, except Elizabeth's; but Grace said, "Just wait, sister, and yours will come up."

Elizabeth watched it every day, sprinkled it, and waited anxiously for the first leaf to appear. The other plants grew and budded, and Elizabeth began to be discouraged; but Grace, who noticed that the earth was cracking in the little pot, told her that hers might bloom for Easter yet. But the day came, and the window was aglow with bloom, and still no sign of life in the little pot.

Elizabeth was disappointed, but Grace promised her a wreath to carry, and she was comforted. The orchard was gay with wild flowers and violets, and as they walked slowly through the bright sunshine with their Easter flowers, Elizabeth gathered windflowers, and Grace wove them into a delicate chain for her so that she, too, had something to lay on the green mound under the pines.

When they came back to the house, Grace went to the window where the little pot stood.

"Beth! Beth! Come here!" she cried, and Beth ran. Then she stood looking in wonder at something which had pushed away the earth in the pot and was coming out.

"What is it?" she whispered.

"Wait and see," said Grace, taking her trembling little hand.

The other children slipped up behind, and watched as something white and green and yellow came in sight.

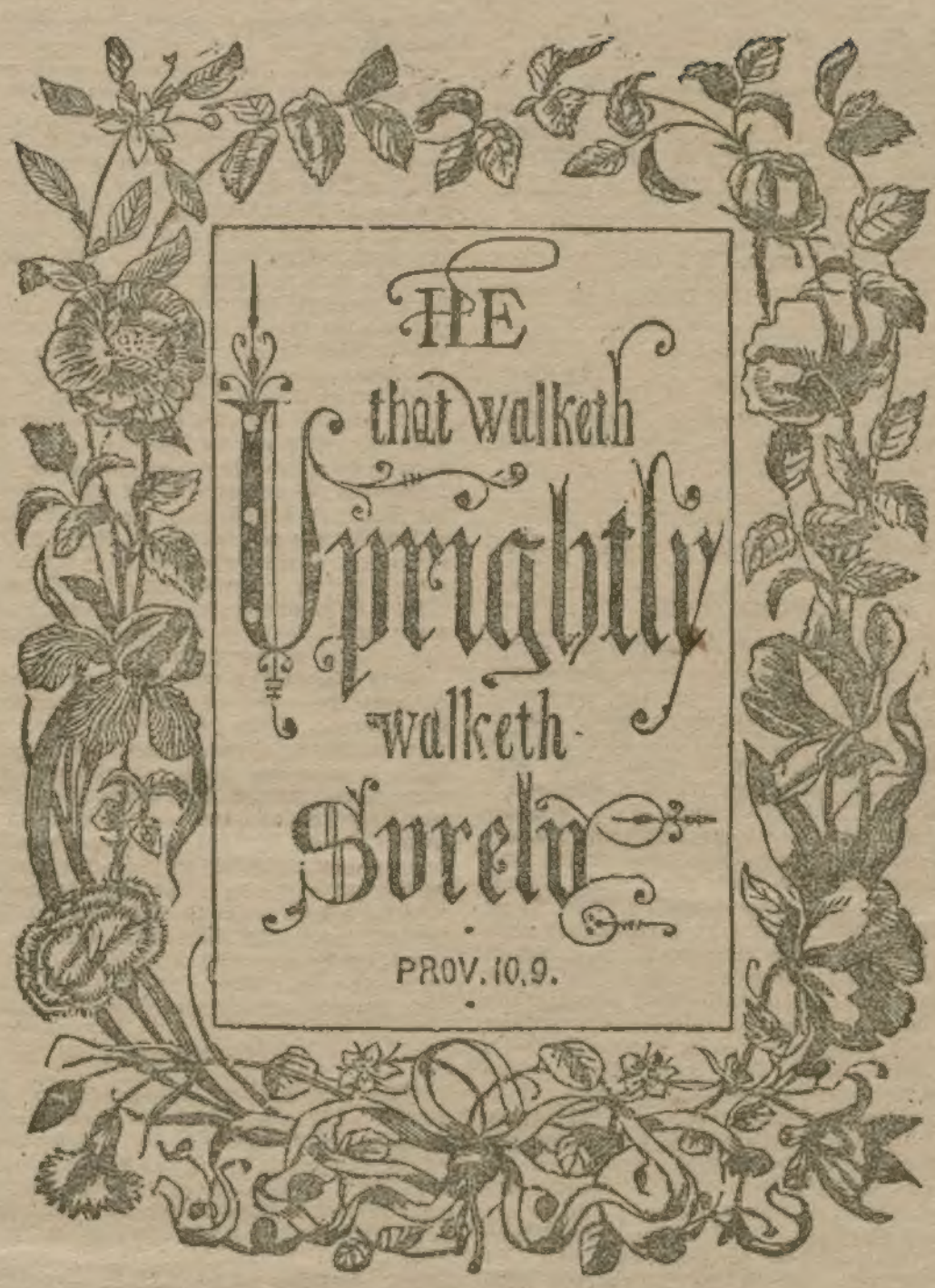
Then Jack smiled and looked at Helen. "A butterfly! Is that what she's been watching and watering all the time?"

Elizabeth had never seen such a queer butterfly—such a big body and such little wings. It began slowly opening and shutting its crumpled wings, and oh, wonder! as they moved they grew larger and smoother and brighter, until it was larger than any butterfly Elizabeth had ever seen before. It balanced lightly on the edge of the pot, as if ready to fly away.

"Grace," said Elizabeth slowly, "please open the window. It wants to fly away up to heaven, like mamma."

Then as the sweet spring air came in, she bent over and kissed the butterfly softly. "Take it to mamma," she whispered, and as if in obedience, the butterfly rose in the air, and fluttered back, once, twice, and the third time it floated away, up, up, until it was lost in the bright sunshine.

And the children all declared that Elizabeth's Easter flower was the loveliest of all.—Fannie L. Brent, in 'Youth's Companion.'




## Caleb and the Cider.

('Youth's Temperance Banner.')

'I don't see how sweet cider can do any more harm than eating the apples,' said Caleb. 'I know hard cider makes folks drunk, but I don't believe fresh, sweet cider does.'

'I have seen boys, and even little girls, tipsy from drinking it,' said grandpa. 'I remember once my little sister came home from a visit to my uncle's, and she acted so queerly that mother couldn't imagine what was the matter with her. Her face was flushed and her head ached, and she seemed really sick. Mother put her right to bed and in the morning she questioned her about what she had been doing the day before at Uncle Nat's, and she said she had sucked lots of sweet cider through a straw from a barrel Uncle Nat had just got in his barn, and it was "real good." "That's the mischief," said mother, "now I see. Why, our little Mattie was drunk last night!" And I shall never forget the look on mother's face. That day she got us all together and told us we must never drink cider again, sweet or not, unless she gave it to us; "and then," said she, "I shall know just how much you get."'

'But mother never gave us any, and I knew then she didn't mean to, I am always afraid when I see children hovering around a cider-press in the country with straws in their hands, and whenever I have a chance I warn them. And I warn you now, my boy. Alcohol very soon forms in the new cider, and almost all the new, sweet apple juice which people drink and think so harmless is fermented and poisonous.'

After this talk Caleb concluded he would sign the pledge.

'I can't bear to,' he said, after he had taken the pen in his hand, 'I love it so. But I will—yes, I will.' And down went his name on the pretty picture pledge card grandpa had for the purpose, and then he put the card in his pocket and ran home to tell father and mother what he had done. And they were truly rejoiced, for they had felt quite anxious about their boy.

## Two Little Girls.

I know a little girl
(You? Oh, no!)
Who when she's asked to go to bed,
Does just so:
She brings a dozen wrinkles out,
And takes the dimples in;
She puckers up her pretty lips,
And then she will begin;
'Oh, dear me! I don't see why!
All the others sit up late,
And why can't I?'

Another little girl I know,
With curly pate,
Who says: 'When I'm a great big girl,
I'll sit up late;
But mamma says 'twill make me grow,
To be an early bird.'
So she and dolly trotted away
Without another word,
Oh, sunny smiles and eyes so blue,
And—yes, now I think of it,
She looks like you!

—'Beacon.'

LESSON II.—APRIL 14.

## Jesus Appears to Mary

John xx., 11-18. Memory verses, 16-18. Read Matthew xxviii., 9,10; Mark xvi., 9-11; John x., 1-18.

### Golden Text.

'Behold, I am alive for evermore.'—Revelation i., 18.

### Lesson Text.

(11) But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping, and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre. (12) And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. (13) And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him. (14) And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. (15) Jesus said unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. (16) Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master. (17) Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God and your God. (18) Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these thing unto her.

### Suggestions.

Mary Magdalene, one of the devoted followers of Jesus, one whom he had healed of a frightful affliction, was first at the tomb of her Saviour on that first beautiful Easter morning. Before daybreak she had hurried there with her load of precious spices with which she thought to perform the last kind offices for the One who had done so much for her.

But when she reached the tomb it appeared to be empty, the great stone was rolled away from the entrance. With wonder and fear she ran to find Peter, and told him and John that the tomb was empty, some one must have carried away the body of their Master. Peter and John at once set out for the sepulchre, and entering found that their Lord was not there, but the fine linen which had been wrapped round his body for burial was neatly folded and laid aside. They were filled with amazement. The Lord Jesus had told them that he must be crucified to make atonement for the sins of the world, and that he would rise again the third day—but they had not understood or realized the fact, and now when he had fulfilled his promise by rising on the third day, they were as surprised and perplexed as were the rest of the people. Their evident perplexity was sufficient to contradict the false statement which was speedily put in circulation by the chief priests that the disciples had stolen the body.

Peter and John went home after their visit to the empty tomb, but Mary stood outside the sepulchre weeping with the bitterness of inconsolable grief. As she stood there crying, she stooped and looked into the sepulchre again to make sure that it was not all a dream, to see if the dear dead body was really not lying there. In the sepulchre sat two bright-faced angels who asked with tender pity why she was mourning. But the sight only filled her with a fresh sense of her loss, and sobbing she answered, They have taken away my Lord and I know not where they have laid him. Poor Mary, her heart was broken, she could not be comforted by the most beautiful angels, she wanted Jesus himself, only he could comfort her.

And he did. He is always near those who are seeking him, no desolate heart need wander long amidst the cold sepulchres of dead hopes. Those who seek the Living One will find him close beside them wherever they are, but he is not in the tomb. He is never too far away to hear the sighing of a broken heart. But Mary had to turn away from the tomb before she could see him, and then she did not recognize him at first. Perhaps through the mist of tears she could not see his face, and even the sound of his voice failed to arouse her until in accents of divine love he spoke her name.

Oh, what a transformation then! With what ecstacy did she turn to worship him with the glad cry of, Master! So has it been to many another heart weeping in the bitterness of despair, Jesus has come with the comfort which only he can bring, but at first he was not recognized by the sorrowing heart. But when as by a flash of divine love he reveals himself to the soul, calling it by name, the soul in that glad moment turns with a cry of joy to worship him at last as her Lord.

Mary Magdalene was the first missionary to bear the news of the resurrection with the message from the risen Lord to the men whom he loved. Since that day there have been many noble missionary women who have carried the same glad tidings not only to the men and women in their own villages, but out in the highways and hedges, and away off to the uttermost parts of the earth, for in no country is there any soul for whom these glad tidings are not intended, and the Master's voice is still speaking to men and women and boys and girls who love him, and still the message is: Go and tell my brethren.

### Questions.

Who was first at the sepulchre of our Lord? When did Jesus rise from the dead? How did Mary feel when she looked in the tomb? Could the angels comfort her? Who can comfort and heal broken hearts? Does Jesus hear the sighing of every lonely heart? What did the angels say? What did the Lord Jesus say? What message did he give to Mary for the disciples?

### Lesson Hymn.

Mary to the Saviour's tomb
  Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought and rich perfume,
  But the Lord she loved was gone,
For a while she lingering stood,
  Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
  Issued from her weeping eyes.

But her sorrows quickly fled
  When she heard the Saviour's voice;
Christ had risen from the dead,
  Now He bids her heart rejoice.
What a change His word can make,
  Turning darkness into day!
You can weep for Jesus's sake,
  He will wipe your tears away.

He who came to comfort her,
  When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
  Though you now are tempest-tossed.
On His Word your burden cast:
  On His love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a night may last,
  But the morning brings the joy.
—John Newton, 1779.

### C. E. Topic.

Sun., April 14.—Foundations.—Matt. vii., 24-27.

### Junior C. E. Topic.

BROTHERS IN THE BIBLE.

Mon., Apr. 8.—The first sons.—Gen. iv., 8.

Tues., Apr. 9.—Jacob and Esau.—Gen. xxxiii., 1-4.

Wed., Apr. 10.—Joseph and his brethren.—Gen. xxxvii., 1-4.

Thu., Apr. 11.—The leaders of Israel.—Ex. iv., 27-31.

Fri., Apr. 12.—Sons of thunder.—Mark iii., 17.

Sat., Apr. 13.—Disciples and brothers.—I. John. iv., 19-21.

Sun., Apr. 14.—Topic—Lessons from Bible brothers (Cain and Abel, Joseph, Moses, and Aaron, John and James, etc.).

## Free Church Catechism.

41. Q.—What are the Sacraments of the Church?

A.—Sacred rites instituted by our Lord Jesus to make more plain by visible signs the inward benefits of the Gospel, to assure us of his promised grace, and, when rightly used, to become a means to convey it to our hearts.

42. Q.—How many Sacraments are there?

A.—Two only: Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

## Hunger and Crime and Drink

She was young, only twenty-three years of age, of good looks and neat attire. She spoke low and sweetly, and her tones, though weak, discovered a person of superior education. She had been an orphan, had married, and but three weeks ago had looked upon the face of her first-born. And yet she stood in the dock of the Marylebone Police Court, hardly able to stand, not more than able to whisper the faltering words: 'I was hard pushed, or I would not have done it,' in answer to the charge preferred against her, that of stealing a pair of lady's boots, marked at 2s 11d, from a shop on Chalk Farm Road. Her child had been hungry, she had been hungry, there was nothing in her home in Kentish Town; in her despair she fancied she could pledge the articles, with the trifle advanced upon them, purchase some relief, and then when better days came she would be able to restore fourfold that which she was compelled so unceremoniously to take.

She fainted when her eyes opened to the realities of the case, saw herself a prisoner, gazed at the magistrate, heard the accusation. On being removed to a waiting-room the missionary attending the court procured milk and food, which brought back strength sufficient to enable her resume her trying position in the public place, but she fainted again. At length when the power of speech returned she said softly that she had been without food, and her husband had been out of work. The court was hushed, the magistrate expressed his deep sympathy, inquired as to the cause of her husband's being unemployed, but she screened the man she loved, and would speak no word which would cast discredit upon his name in the garish light of that place. But the sympathy of the gentleman on the bench, and the deep silence which pervaded the apartment, and the evident desire on the part of missionary and magistrate to know the whole story, unlocked the secret which an army could not have forced from her, and she spoke the word in private—she had been brought into her trouble through the drinking habits of the man who had vowed, a year before, to honor, cherish, and love her.

In the interests of Annie Jennings, the missionary bound himself over to bring her up for judgment when called upon, the magistrate accepted the arrangement, gave her some help, promised to send her to a convalescent home, and offered good counsel to the husband, who, we trust, will be strengthened against the network of temptations with which the government has surrounded the footsteps of the working man. —'Irish Temperance League Journal.'

## The Boy's Enemy.

Boys, did you ever notice the gum running out of a peach tree, and the tree presenting a faded, withered appearance? If you take your pen-knife and scrape off the gum and carefully examine the under surface, you will very likely find a pure white innocent-looking worm quietly but persistently forcing its way into the vitals of the tree. Agriculturists term this insect 'a borer.' It very much resembles in its official capacity the nineteenth century pest that has attracted the youth of our nation, and has been designated 'coffin nails' or

'the paper pipe.' Some boys think it manly and clever to become the possessors of that innocent-looking toy, but, alas! they carry with them destruction and death. You can spot those boys anywhere, with their pale faces and worn-out nerves, slowly but surely paving the way to jails, asylums, and premature graves. A short time ago three boys were arrested and imprisoned in Hamilton jail, all of them cigarette fiends; one of them being deprived of his usual indulgence, became so frantic for the narcotic that he would have dashed his brains out on the stone wall had he not been held all night. A young man aged twenty-one years, who was hanged in Hamilton, attributes his terrible end to cigarettes, strong drink and bad company. Boys, beware, and shun these evils as you would a rattlesnake, for their poisonous sting will blight your prospects, unfit you for the battle of life and bring you to an untimely grave.

J. WATERS,
Prov. Supt Anti-Narcotics. Ontario Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

## An Object Lesson of Uncle Sam's 'First and Last Chance Saloon.'

'I will sell you no more whiskey,' said a saloon-keeper to a dissipated looking man who stood at the bar asking for a drink; 'you have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more—stand aside.'

He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the saloon-keeper waited upon them very politely. The other had stood silent and sullen, and when they finished he walked up to the saloon-keeper and thus addressed him:

'Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men are now. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this room I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for heaven's sake, sell no more to them.'

The saloon-keeper listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed:

'God help me; this is the last drop I will ever sell to anyone!' And he kept his word.—'The New Voice.'

## Is it Nothing to You?

Is it nothing to you, O Christians,
As ye sit around the board,
Where the feast is spread before you,
And the rich-hued wine is poured,
That a mighty Spirit of Evil
Dwells in that bright wine's flow,
That pleasure floats on the surface,
But danger is hiding below?

Is it nothing to you though that Spirit
Walks to and fro through the land,
Scattering the seeds of mischief
Broadcast on every hand?
Those seeds are yielding a harvest
Of poverty, death and woe,
Of ignorance, crime, and madness,
And you are helping to sow!

Yes! still does the wily Tempter
Whisper his often-told lie
Into the ears of his victims:
'Ye shall not certainly die;
Ye may drink; for, look at the righteous,
Do they not drink of it, too?'
And the listeners fall as they listen—
And is this nothing to you?

Ye have now the gift of knowledge,
Ye are standing fast in your strength;
But that which is now your servant
May be your tyrant at length.
For Art has lost its cunning,
And Learning has ceased to shine,
And the light of Religion been darkened
Before that Spirit of wine.

—'Waif.'

# Correspondence

Durham, N.S.

Dear Editor,—My Aunt Jessie takes the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. I have a dog named Dusk. I have three sisters and two brothers. I am the eldest. I live beside the school. There are thirty-nine scholars in our school. My birthday is on Feb. 10. We have cold weather now.

MAY H. (Aged 8.)

Mitchell Square.

Dear Editor,—I have a pair of skates. I am learning to skate. I have been on the creek skating. I go to school every day; we have good fun. There is ice on one side of our school, and it is down grade. We get boards and sleighs, we have pieces of wood smooth and round and we lie on the boards or sleighs and work ourselves along with the sticks with the nails in the end. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. My teacher gave me a book with thirty-two verses in it. I have my book off by heart; we get five marks for every ten verses. I have found your texts.

ROY M.

Black Point, N. S.

Dear Editor,—We are twin brothers and live on a farm in the country; it is a very pretty place in summer. We have about two miles to go to school, but in winter we go across the ice. We had a social in our school this winter and made $30 at it. We got some new maps with the money. We have a lot of pets. We have two cats, one of them is black and white, his name is Henry; the other one is gray, her name is Jean. She is nearly ten years old, and is so cross she will growl if we look at her.

STEWART and WILLIAM. (Aged 9.)

Dear Editor,—I like to read the Correspondence very much. I have a pet cat called Mack. My birthday is on March 17, St. Patrick's Day. Wishing the 'Messenger' every success. ARCHIE H. (Aged 10.)

Rounthwaite P. O., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a year. I enjoy the Correspondence very much, and would not like to miss the stories. We have had lots of snow in Manitoba this winter, some cold snaps, but I get out almost every day with my sleigh, unless it is a blizzard. My sister goes to school, the school is a little more than a mile distant. I have two cats and they are great pets. I enclose thirty cents for the 'Messenger' as my subscription runs out on Feb. 28. EMMIE E. (Aged 12.)

Rostock.

Dear Editor,—We have school about ten months in a year and have holidays in summer. I have not far to go, only a few steps, to school or church, as they are in the village. I go to Sunday-school in the Evangelical Church, and I am in the Bible class. When the 'Messenger' comes my only sister has it in her hands right away as quick as I get it out of the mail; then I do not get it until she is through with it. We are going to get a new brick school, the material is nearly all here already. We are going to get a new church, too.

D. D. S. (Aged 12.)

Pugwash, N. S.

Dear Editor,—We take the 'Messenger,' and we all like it very much. I am a little boy ten years old. I live on a farm and my papa raises lots of cultivated strawberries. I have a dog named Grover and he draws me on my sled. I go to the Methodist Sunday-school. Pugwash is a very pretty place in summer, it is a harbor where lots of vessels and steamers come to load with lumber to take home to England. I have eight sisters and two brothers. I have a sister a trained nurse in New York. I am the youngest. HOLLY A. T.

Smithville.

Dear Editor,—I have one sister and two brothers. I am twelve years old and go to school. We have a little baby boy living with us; he is about two years old. When we go to play hide and go seek he will come around where we are and then laugh. We have two cats, their names are Tom and Mickel. We live by the woods and in the summer time we are close to it, so we can gather flowers. M. M. W.

Black River Ridge, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I take the 'Messenger' and I like it very much. We have a mile and a half to go to school, but they take us to school every morning. I have a Jersey calf, and my brother has a pigeon, and one got killed. I have two pet cats.

PERCY J. (Aged 9.)

Leamington.

Dear Editor,—My birthday was on Nov. 21. I go to school nearly every day. My aunt teaches school here. We take the 'Messenger' and I like the Little Folks' page very much. My papa is a carpenter. I have a brother five years old, and one little brother in heaven. We have a dog named Carlo and a cat named Dick, and two cows. ETHEL G. (Aged 7.)

Elgin, N. B.

Dear Editor,—I have four pets, they are three cats and a little colt, their names are Trixy, Talby, Tommy and Dexter. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger.' We have been taking it about two years and enjoy reading it very much. My mamma says that her papa and mamma took it for fifteen years, when she and brothers and sisters were children. My cousin and I are saving the 'Northern Messengers' and are going to send them out to India to the missionaries. I have no brothers or sisters, but lots of little playmates. My birthday was on Jan. 1.

FANNIE C. S. (Aged 8.)

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for three years; I like it very well. I have two brothers and one sister. I am the youngest. I go three miles to school and am in the fifth book.

MUNAY T.

Strathadam, N.B.

Dear Editor,—I wrote you a letter before, but it was not printed. Mamma takes the 'Messenger' and we like it very well, especially the Correspondence. I have not seen a letter from Strathadam yet although quite a number take it in this settlement. I have three brothers and one sister. My birthday is on March 19, then I will be nine years old. The people here fish and lumber and farm for a living. We have very deep snow here sometimes. Grandpa takes the 'Witness,' which is printed in your office. He has been taking it for twenty years and mamma has been reading the 'Messenger' for thirty years, and we would not like to do without it. We live five miles from Newcastle. We can drive there to church. We have a Sunday-school here during the summer months. We live on the banks of the Miramichi, which means 'Happy Retreat.' MARY H. R. (Aged 9.)

West Superior, Wis.

Dear Editor,—My grandpa has been sending me the 'Messenger.' I like to read it very much. My grandpa lives in Meaford, Ont. He used to get the 'Messenger' for my papa when he was a little boy like me. I was eight years old on Feb. 17. I have one little sister, her name is Evelyn. She was one year old on Christmas Eve. When she gets a little older I will read to her from the 'Messenger.' PEARSE W.

Roskeen, Manitoba.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, half a mile off Riding Mtn. Our house is built in an oak bluff. It is a beautiful place in summer, and well sheltered in winter. We are now within a mile of the post-office. We had a new school district organized last fall, a new schoolhouse will be built in the summer. It will not be so near as we would like, but we can't always have things as we would like. A sawmill is being put up near here, which will make it convenient for the farmers. This letter would not be complete without mentioning my pets. I have two cats, one a big, sleek pussy, the other a wee kitty my brother found on the roadside in a half dead condition, and it has not grown well since. My brother has a dog, and I think he's Scotch, for his name is Sandy. I wonder if any little reader of the 'Messenger' has the same birthday as mine, it is on Feb. 29, and my brother's (who is nine years old) is on Jan. 10. We have a little colt and his name is Conie. If you will send me a sample of 'World Wide' I'll try to get you one or two subscribers. BERTHA McC.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## Farm Telephones.

When the farmer once learns, says an American paper, that there are good telephones which he can buy at a moderate cost, and thereafter operate at little or no expense, he will not fail to have one. A telephone circuit, including ten or a dozen farms, can be constructed at a very moderate cost, and such service will not only be a pleasure but one of the greatest actual advantages possible for the farm. The rush to the cities is caused largely by poor roads leading from the farm to anywhere, and consequent farm isolation. But a telephone will span distance much quicker than is possible with the best of roads, and the real enjoyment to be derived from its use never wears off.

## Selected Recipes.

Drawn Butter Sauce.—Put half a teaspoonful of butter in a saucepan and when melted add two tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook, but not brown, and add a pint of water; stir until smooth and season with salt and pepper. This sauce is a nice addition to boiled or baked fish.

Creamed Pea Soup.—Soak three-fourths of a pint of dried Scotch peas over night in a quart of water. In the morning put them on to cook in boiling water and let simmer until very tender. Rub through a colander to remove skins. Add a pint of hot mashed potatoes and milk enough to make three pints in all, and one cupful of cream. Salt to taste. Let get thoroughly hot again and serve at once.

Beef Toast.—A most relishable stew may be made from the best portions of a roast that can no longer be carved to advantage. Cut the meat into small squares and stew it for some hours in stock or soup, or in water, if nothing else is at hand. By long and slow cooking, the meat becomes tender and delicate, the gristle parts dissolve, and the meat is saturated with the rich juices. Let it boil down until there is but little of the liquid left, then drop it upon slices of toast or fresh-made biscuits, which will absorb a large portion of the moisture. There are many persons who do not relish mussy, sloppy-looking food, and for this reason do not indulge in as many left-overs as they would if they could make them more attractive-looking. A veteran housekeeper stews the beef or left-over meats as described, and when the time comes to make ready for the meal she pours the stew into a strainer and drains it dry. The liquid is put aside for gravy. The other is put into little shells made of potato paste and browned in a quick oven. The gravy is put on in a separate dish and served as may be required by each person. Potato shells are easily made by working and beating mashed potato with beaten egg and a spoonful of flour, then forming the mass into cup-shaped receptacles for meat or other filling.

## About 'World Wide.'

'THE OWL.'

We are in receipt of a copy of 'World Wide,' a weekly journal begun with the New Year. In bringing it to the notice of our older readers we feel that we are doing them a favor. After looking over several copies we have come to the conclusion that no person in the city of Quebec with any literary taste can afford to be without it. As the editor truly says, 'literary taste and a full pocket' do not always go together, and the publishers have put the price at the ridiculously low figure of 75 cents per annum, or a little over a cent a copy. We sincerely congratulate the publishers on giving, and the public on the pleasure of receiving such an estimable collection of current literature of the highest stamp.—'The Owl,' Quebec, March, 1901.

'WESTERN PROGRESS.'

'World Wide' is the name of a publication issued by the 'Witness' Publishing Co., of Montreal. This, we believe, is the first of its kind in Canada, and the 'Witness' is to be congratulated on its enterprise. The object is not to express original views on current topics, but to give the opinions of others, and for this purpose quotations are printed from articles in British, American and other papers. As these quotations are carefully selected the value of 'World Wide' is at once seen. The publication is issued weekly and the subscription is so small, 75c, that it is easily within the reach of all.—'The Western Progress,' Melita, Man., March 7, 1901.

Truro, N.S., Feb. 11, 1901.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son, Montreal:

'World Wide' is just what I have been wanting. Other papers of a similar character are too expensive, when so many have to be taken. I would suggest a small space to be devoted to current humor. We all like a little spice in our pudding.

Yours truly,
(REV.) C. JOST, D.D.

Melbourne, Feb. 19, 1901.

I am very much pleased with 'World Wide.' What a boon you have given to earnest readers and how varied our knowledge may become through it.

WILLIAM MORISON.

Clarksburg, Ont., March 18, 1901.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find seventy-five cents for which send 'World Wide' to me for a year. There is a large field for this publication among busy men, and I have frequently wondered why a weekly digest of this kind was not published in our own country. It is, however, most satisfactory to know that it is in the hands of an old established, reliable firm, whose name is a guarantee that it will be kept abreast with the times and a credit to Canadian journalism.

Yours truly,
C. W. HARTMAN.

## About the 'Witness.'

The Rev. J. O. Snider, Long Rapids, Mich., in sending his subscription to the 'Witness,' adds: 'I thought we would have to do without the 'Witness,' but can find no other paper that gives us what we all desire—the unqualified political and religious truth in the sphere of each, as does the 'Witness.' We cannot afford to do without it.'

Ivanhoe, March 8, 1901.

Messrs. J. Dougall & Son:

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed one dollar, renewal of my subscription for the 'Weekly Witness.' I have taken it twenty years, I think, and like it better every year. I find it truer than many friends. Wishing you every success. I remain, yours truly,

DAVID FLEMING, Sr.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